



The King's Breakfast

by

A. A. MILNE

Music by

H. FRASER-SIMSON

Decorations by

ERNEST H. SHEPARD



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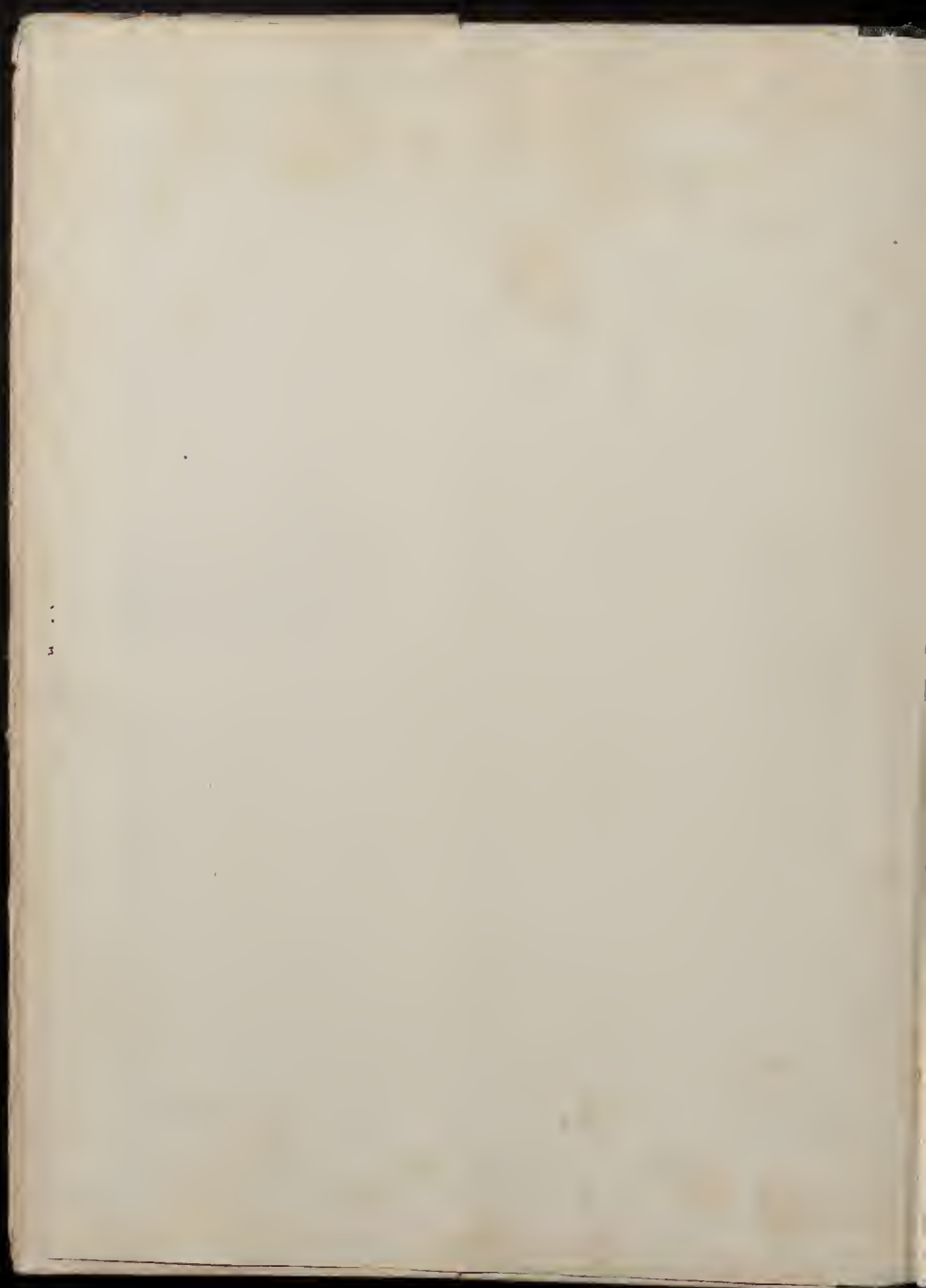
Decorations by
E. H. Shepard

Music by
H. Fraser-Simson



ONE of the most popular poems in that most popular book—WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG—is *The King's Breakfast*. To meet the demands of the many thousands who have found enjoyment in the book of *Fourteen Songs from When We Were Very Young*, music has been specially written for this poem by the composer of *The Maid of the Mountains*, and other favorite musical comedies. Mr. A. A. Milne has written a special and very amusing introduction, and the volume contains also a new song, *Feed-my-Cow*, for which Mr. Fraser-Simson has composed the music.







THE KING'S BREAKFAST

Words by A. A. MILNE, Music by
H. FRASER-SIMSON, Decorations
by E. H. SHEPARD



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INTRODUCTION



In which various matters are explained, and the Old English song, "Feed-My-Cow," is now given for the first time.



BEFORE we start singing *The King's Breakfast*—and I have had a lozenger in my mouth all the morning, in the hope of being in good voice—there is a little matter which has to be settled between us. You will remember that when the King asked the Queen for butter, the Queen naturally asked the Dairymaid, and that the Dairymaid, having no butter with her, promised to ask the Cow. So far, so good. But the Dairymaid, in promising, used a very curious expression, She said:

*"I'll go and tell the Cow now,
Before she goes to bed."*

You will not be surprised to hear that, as the result of these words, the whole world has been asking, *Why did the Cow go to bed at breakfast time?*

Now in this matter there have been, for many years, two schools of thought. The Grumphiter School (called after Dr. James Grumphiter, of Ladbroke Grove) holds that, for reasons as yet unascertained, the Alderney cow was in the habit of having a short nap in the forenoons, probably between the hours of ten and twelve. At noon she was awakened; and, after a drink of water and a couple of health

biscuits, was led back into the fields again; from which point in the day she followed the routine of the ordinary cow. In other words, Dr. Grumpliter thinks that Alderney was a special kind of cow who required special care in the mornings.

An entirely different view of the matter is taken by the Cadwallader School. ("Cadwallader," I should explain, is pronounced "Calder," and was so spelt until 1903, when the Professor married again: "School" of course, is pronounced "Scool," the "h" being kept quiet). The Cadwallader School, led by Professor H. J. Cadwallader, of Dunstable University, is of opinion that "the transactions narrated in the poem cover a period of, approximately, twenty-four hours, and that actually *two* breakfasts have come within the purview of the historian." It is a pity he uses such long words, but no doubt you see what he means.

Let us consider this Cadwallader Theory for a moment. A time-table of events would seem to go something like this:

Monday, 8 a.m. King and Queen at breakfast. King realizes that there is only enough butter for that day's meal, assuming (as usual) that the Queen is not hungry. He helps himself to the last of the pat, saying to her Majesty, "Don't forget the butter for the (to-morrow's) royal slice of bread." The Queen says, "I won't," but she is thinking of something else.

" 10 a.m.—6 p.m. The Queen attends to her customary royal duties, Monday being a particularly busy day, what with Receptions, Executions, the Washing, and so forth.

Monday, The Dairymaid asks for orders.
6 *p.m.* The Queen, interrupted in her toilet, says that butter will be wanted for to-morrow's breakfast. The Dairymaid promises to tell the Cow now, before the latter goes to bed.

Monday, 6.15 *p.m.* Cow suggests marmalade instead.

" 6.30 *p.m.* Dairymaid assures Queen that marmalade is tasty.

" 6.31 *p.m.* Queen says "Oh," and decides to wear the purple after all.

" 10 *p.m.* Their Majesties retire to rest.

Tuesday, 8 *a.m.* Their Majesties rise.

" 9 *a.m.* Their Majesties descend the royal staircase into the Banqueting Hall. Fanfare of trumpets. As the last note dies away, Queen says to King, "Talking of the butter for the royal slice of bread, many people think that marmalade is nicer, would you like to try a little marmalade instead?"

" 9.5 *a.m.* King says "Bother."

" 9.6 *a.m.* King says "Oh, deary me."

" 9.7 *a.m.* King sobs, and goes back to bed.

After which, it is pretty plain sailing. The Queen comforts His Majesty, and hurries to the Dairymaid; in a trice the Dairymaid is with the Alderney; in a jiffy the Alderney, repentant after a good night's rest, gives the Dairymaid the necessary butter; and in a brace of shakes the Dairymaid has brought the butter to the Queen. Whereupon:

"The Queen took
The Butter
And brought it to
His Majesty . . ."

—and so, calmly, to the long-wished-for end.

Well, that is the Cadwallader Theory. But why, if these be the facts of the matter, has the poet (to use the local name for this sort of man) not put them more clearly before us? Why did he not tell us the truth? Thus:

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen wasn't
Listening:
"Can I have some butter for
To-morrow's slice of bread?"
The Queen said
"I won't dear . . .
*Stockings and
A night-cap—
Or wear the cap another week
And send the shawl
Instead?"*
The Queen took
The washing . . .

But we need not go any further with it. The Professor suggests that the poet wrote as he did, because he had a long story to tell, *but very little paper to tell it on*. It was necessary for him, therefore, to squeeze the events of twenty-four hours into a space of five minutes, regardless of historical accuracy. And the Professor adds in a thoughtful footnote: "*Poets are like this.*" We have to decide, then, which of these two schools of thought has found the right explana-

tion of the Dairymaid's words. And the answer is, "Neither." The truth of the matter is simply this: The Alderney had chased the king across two turnip fields the day before, and, *as a punishment*, had been sent to bed immediately after breakfast. She hadn't meant any harm, as you will know if you have ever read an old song which was sung in those days, and which is supposed to have referred to this adventure of the King's. Here it is—you will find the music for it on another page.

FEED—MY—COW

I

I went down to feed—my—cow,
(Feed—my—cow,
Feed—my—cow)
I went down to feed my cow
At ten o'clock in the morning.

II

She looked out and shook—her—head
(Shook—her—head,
Shook—her—head)
She looked out and shook her head
At ten o'clock in the morning.

III

I said bravely, "Here—I—come!"
(Here—I—come,
Here—I—come)
I said bravely "Here I come,
At ten o'clock in the morning."

IV

She looked out and shook—her—horns,
(Shook—her—horns,
Shook—her—horns)
She looked out and shook her horns
At ten o'clock in the morning.

V

I said bravely, "Not—so—close!"
(Not—so—close,
Not—so—close)
I said bravely "Not so close
At ten o'clock in the morning."

VI

She came out and shook—her—tail,
(Shook—her—tail,
Shook—her—tail)
She came out and shook her tail,
At ten o'clock in the morning.

VII

I went back to ask—the—time
(Ask—the—time
Ask—the—time)
I went back to ask the time
At ten o'clock in the morning.

VIII

She came too, to—ask—the—time
(Ask—the—time
Ask—the—time)
She came too, to ask the time
At ten o'clock in the morning.

IX

We both ran, but I—asked—first,
(I—asked—first,
I—asked—first),
We both ran, but I asked first:
'Twas ten o'clock in the morning.

Well, that was how it happened, and in the afternoon, when the King felt rested, he decided to give the cow a very severe punishment. So it was ordered (and the King wrote it out and sealed it and signed it with his own hand) that on the very next day the Alderney should go to bed "at ten o'clock in the morning."

Now then, having got that off our minds, we can clear our throats. But before we begin to sing it, I think I ought to tell you how to *say* a poem like this. It doesn't matter whether you are reciting it, reading it, acting it, or even singing it, there is one way only of doing it, and that is—*on tip-toe*. This story of *The King's Breakfast* is not a walk or a slide or a slither, it is a ballet-dance. I have heard people recite it; and I have heard them say, with a great deal of expression, as though they were reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* aloud to a sick friend:

"The King asked the Queen (*swallow*) and the Queen asked the Dairymaid . . ."

Now that is not how it was written. It is always a good idea to suppose that, when somebody writes something in a certain way, this is the way in which he wants it said.

The King asked—

The Queen and—

The Queen asked—

The Dairymaid—

It is a ballet-dance, in which each step is distinct, not a waltz, where one step slides into the next; formal, like a Dutch garden, not a riot in a herbaecous border. And, above all, it is "expressionless" as far as meaning goes. All that the speaker has to express is the rhythm and the shape of it; the words have very simple definite meanings of their own, and can take care of themselves quite nicely. Don't be afraid of saying

"and" at the end of the second line; the second and third words have the same value, and you need not be alarmed because one is a Royal noun, and the other is a common conjunction. I know that you are in the habit of saying "'nd"—"Jack 'nd Jill," and quite right too. But there will be no sort of panic among the guests if, on this occasion only, you say "and," nor will anybody wonder what the word means. Only mind that you do say "and," and not "nand." "The Queen nand"—if you say this, you're slithering again, not tip-toeing. What I want you to do is to give each word which you stress a "ting," and then leave it; touch, and away—as if it were a hot poker.

And again, remember: no "expression." No, not even when "he kissed her tenderly," and "slid down the banisters." If these words are "funny," they will be twice as funny for being said in just the same voice, as if one way was as good as and natural as another for celebrating the appearance of the butter. Indeed, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that a Russian who knew the meaning of no word of English, but only how to pronounce it, would be the ideal person to recite *The King's Breakfast*. So if you like, pretend that you are a Russian.

At the moment, however, you are not to recite, but to sing. Now when the composer wrote the music, I wanted it to be printed in the same shape as the words, so that when it was published it would look like a washing-book, long and narrow. Apparently, you can't do that; it falls off the piano just as you get to the high note. So here it is, printed in the ordinary way. But I beg you, accompanist and singer, to play and sing it as I have tried to explain, in short lines. No doubt there are musical reasons why you won't be able to do this altogether, but keep the idea in your heads, as you go along.

And now our guests are closing their eyes one

by one, and it is time we woke them up. We begin with a short musical introduction, and end with a dance. I have explained above the music what the introduction is about, though, for many people, no doubt, it explains itself. If you like to read this out as you play, do so—and good luck to you.

A. A. MILNE.

THE KING'S BREAKFAST



Alla marcia

PIANO

The cock crows.

poco ritén.

mp

Six hours go quickly by, The hands of the clock whirl round and —

p cresc. ed accel.

(it strikes nine.)

mp a tempo

The breakfast gong

p

The King can't find his dressing gown.

p cresc. ed accel.



* When sung without action the bars between this point and the * on page 3 may be omitted.



"Bother!" *Hooray, He's found it!!* *He comes down the*

f a tempo *mp*

stairs two at a time. "Dear! dear! the Queen's late

mp

again! Sound the gong!"

f *p*

The Queen says
"Coming!"

She trips down the stairs gracefully.

p

But His Majesty is still a little annoyed about it.

"Very sorry"

f *p* "Granted"

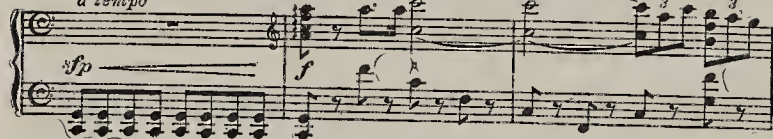
"Very sorry"

"Very sorry"

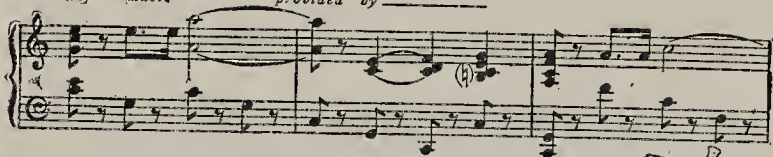
"Very sorry"

cresc. "Granted" *accel.* "GRANTED!" *f* "GRANTED!!!"

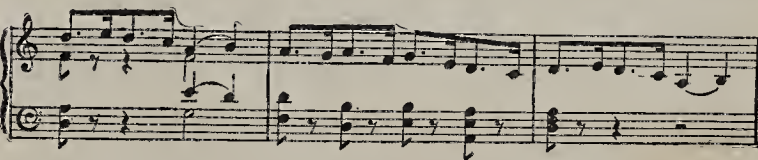
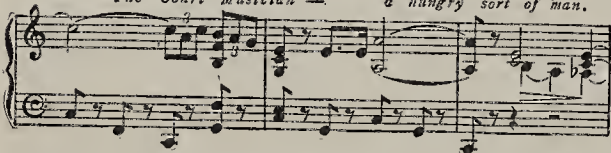
They pull themselves together — and make a State Entry
a tempo



(2) music provided by —



The Court Musician — a hungry sort of man.



The Queen sits down. ★ The King follows. "What! no butter?"



King asked The Queen, and The Queen asked The Dai - ry-maid:



"Could we have some but-ter for the Roy - al slice of bread?" The

Queen asked The Dai - ry-maid; The Dai - ry-maid Said, "Cer-tain-ly, I'll

go and tell The Cow Now Be - fore she goes to bed." The





Dai - ry-maid She curtsied, And went and told The Al - der-ney:

poco cresc.

"Don't for-get the but-ter for The Roy-al slice of bread." The

p

poco rit.

Al-der-ney Said sleep-i-ly, "You'd bet-ter tell His Ma-jes-ty That

p poco rit.



accel.

man - y peo - ple now - a-days Like mar - ma-lade in - stead?

accel. *mf*

The

a tempo *dim.*

Dai - ry-maid Said, "Fan-cy!" And went to Her Ma - jes - ty; She



curt-sied to the Queen and She turned a lit-tle red: "Ex -

-cuse me, Your Ma - jes - ty, For tak - ing of The li - ber - ty, But



mar-ma-lade is tas-ty if It's ve-ry Thick-ly Spread! The

p

Queen said "Oh!" And went to His Ma-jes-ty: "Talking of the but-ter for The

poco cresc. *p*

Roy-al slice of bread, Mun-y peo-ple Think that Mar-ma-lade Is ni-cer:

poco rit. *p*

a tempo

Would you like to try a lit-tle Mar-ma-lade In-stead?"

a tempo cresc. mf



The King said, "Bo-ther!" And

crusc. *mf*

then he said, "Oh, dear - y me!" The King sobbed, "Oh, dear - y me!" And

p

went back to bed. "No - bo-dy," he whimpered, "Could

mf

call me A fuss-y man; — I on-ly want A lit-tle bit Of

f *p*

but-ter for My bread!" The Queen said, "There, there!" And

p *poco cresc.*

went to The Dair - y-maid; The Dair - y-maid Said, "There, there!" And

p

went to the shed. The cow said, "There, there! I did-n't real-ly Mean it; Here's

p

milk for his por-ringer And but-ter for his bread!"

mf



The,

dim



Queen took The but-ter And brought it to His Ma-jes-ty;

mp

The King said, "But-ter, eh!" And 'bounced out of bed.

"No - bo - dy," he said, As he kissed her Ten - der - ly -

p *poco cresc.*

rit.
 "No - bo - dy?" he said, As he slid down The ban - nis - ters -
p *cresc.* *f* *rit.* *alleg.*

"No - bo - dy, my dar - ling, Could call me A fuss - y man -
a tempo p

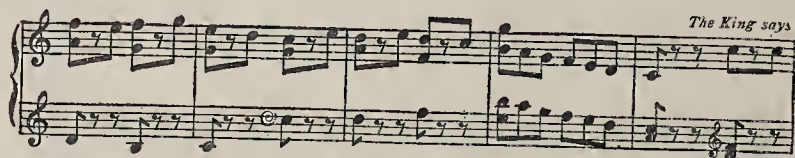
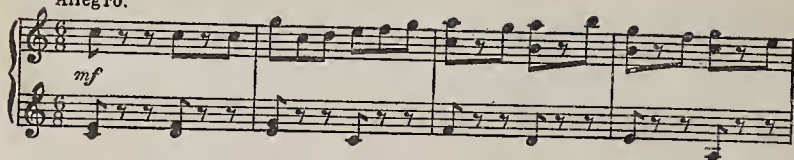
BUT I do - like a lit - tle bit of
mf



**rit.*
 but - ter, to my bread!" but - ter to my bread!"
rit. *f* *molto rall.* *3* *ff*

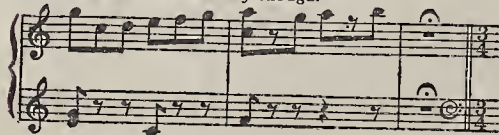
* These two bars are for use only when the dance is not required.

The Court Musician strikes up a merry tune.-
Allegro.

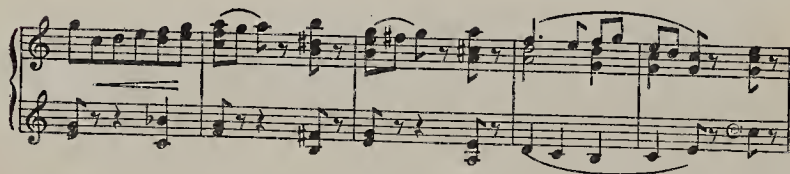
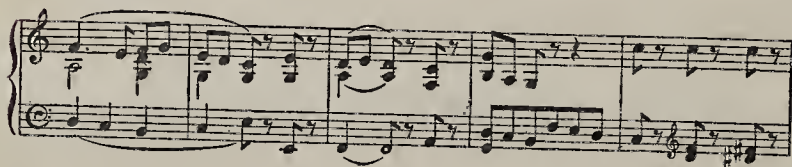
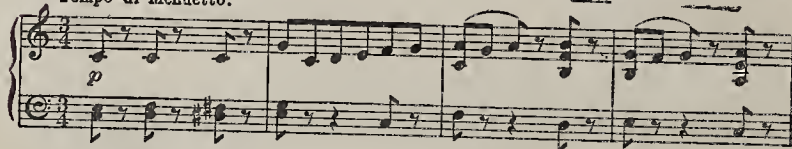


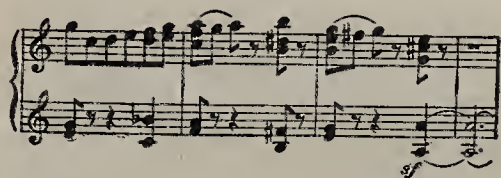
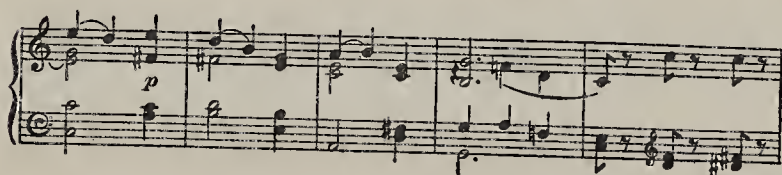
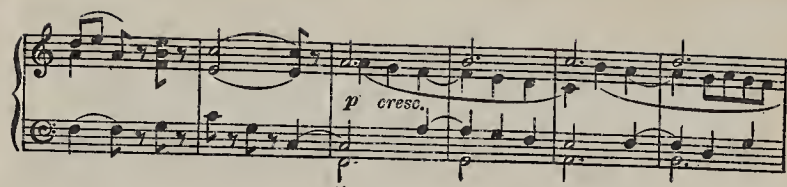
The King says

"Stop! this is not stately enough!"



Tempo di Menuetto.





I do— like a lit - tle bit of but-ter to my bread.

p

f

cresc.

ff



FEED-MY-COW



FEED - MY - COW



Very simply

Verses 1-8

I went down to feed-my-cow, (Feed-my-cow,
Feed-my-cow) I went down to feed my cow At ten o'clock in the
morn-ning. She looked out and shook-her-head, (Shook-her-head, Shook-her-head)
She looked out and shook her head At ten o'clock in the morn-ning.

Verse 9

We both ran but I - asked-first, (I - asked-first, I - asked-first)

We both ran but I asked first At ten o'clock in the morn - ing.

I went down to feed-my-cow,
 (Feed-my-cow,
 Feed-my-cow)
 I went down to feed my cow
 At ten o'clock in the morning.

She looked out and shook-her-head,
 (Shook-her-head,
 Shook-her-head)
 She looked out and shook her head,
 At ten o'clock in the morning.

I said boldly "Here-I-come!"
 (Here-I-come,
 Here-I-come)
 I said boldly "Here I come,
 At ten o'clock in the morning."

She looked out and shook-her-horns,
 (Shook-her-horns,
 Shook-her-horns)
 She looked out and shook her horns
 At ten o'clock in the morning.

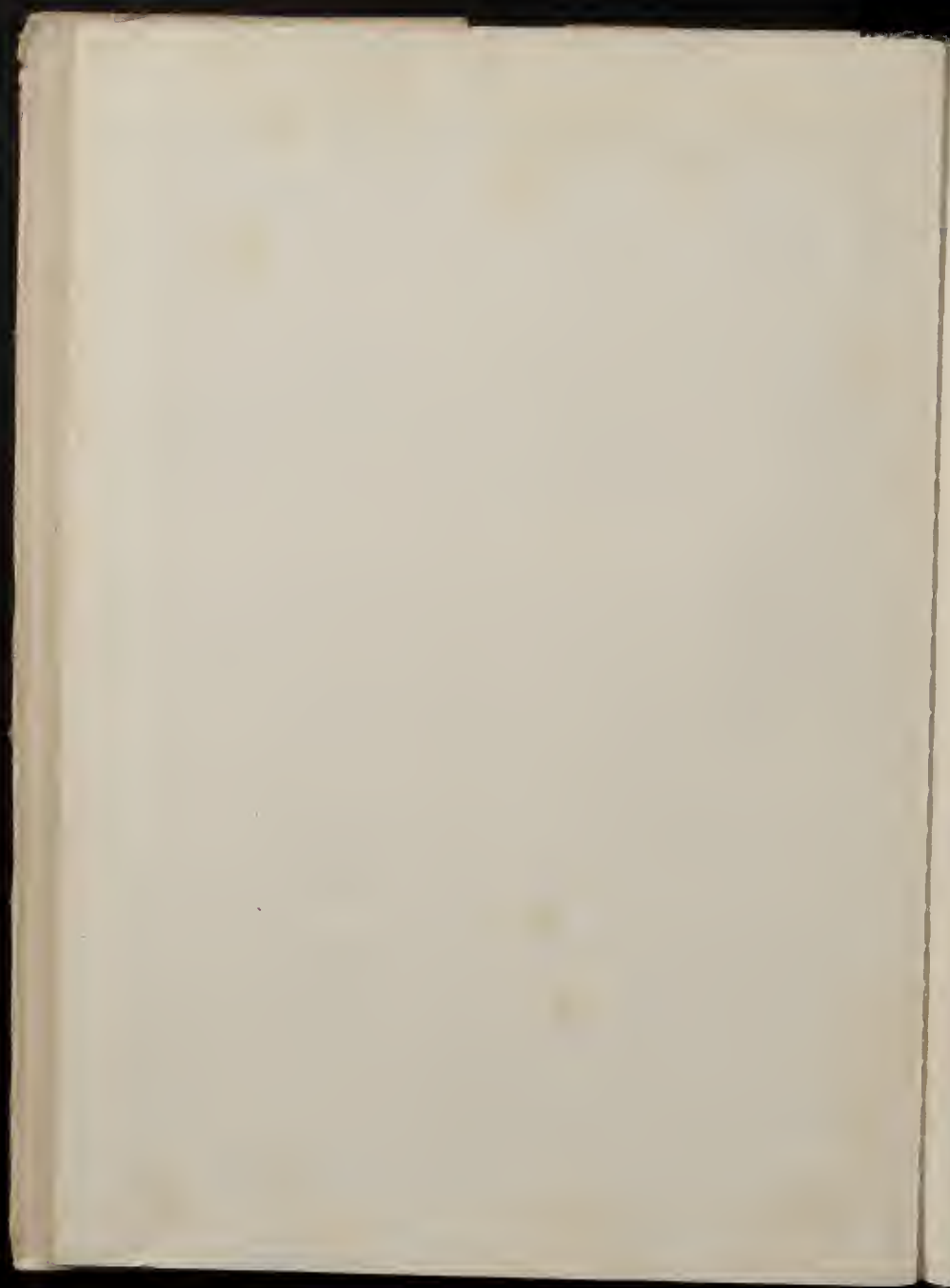
I said bravely "Not-so-close!"
 (Not-so-close,
 Not-so-close)
 I said bravely "Not so close,
 At ten o'clock in the morning."

She came out and shook-her-tail,
 (Shook-her-tail,
 Shook-her-tail)
 She came out and shook her tail
 At ten o'clock in the morning.

I went back to ask-the-time,
 (Ask-the-time,
 Ask-the-time)
 I went back to ask the time
 At ten o'clock in the morning.

She came too, to ask-the-time,
 (Ask-the-time,
 Ask-the-time)
 She came too, to ask the time
 At ten o'clock in the morning.

We both ran, but I-asked-first,
 (I-asked-first,
 I-asked-first)
 We both ran, but I asked first.
 'Twas ten o'clock in the morning.



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79

When We Were Very Young

by

A. A. Milne

Author of

"Mr. Pim Passes," "Not That It Matters," etc.

with over 130 Drawings by
Ernest H. Shepard

I KNOW of nothing more beautiful in the poetry of childhood than these verses. They possess that peculiar quality of perfect simplicity which makes them appealing to children and grown-up folk alike.—*S. Morgan-Powell*, in *The Montreal Star*.

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from
When We
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Very
Young

by
A. A. Milne

Musical by
H. Fraser-Simson

Decorations by
E. H. Shepard

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FOURTEEN SONGS

FROM
WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG
BY
A. A. MILNE

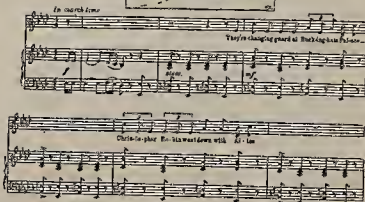
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E. H. SHEPARD

Buckingham



Palace



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Growing Up
The Three
Foxes
Politeness
Market
Square
The
Christening
Brownie
Lines and
Squares
Vespers

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